

R. Baird

1560/810.

CAMPERDOWN

EULOGY

THE CAMPERDOWN

ALLA VIRTUTIS OMNIS

VIRGO

Dignitas honorisq. boni q.ue

HOA

Edinburgh

AND PRINTED BY JAMES WILSON, PRINTER, 10, N. B. ST.

AND SOLD BY S. J. AND SON, 10, N. B. ST.

1754

CAMPER DOWN

BY OF Y

THE IDLESTIONS ADMIRAL

Vire

Arms and

Hos

Digital humanism and

Edinburgh

OLD PANTON / CORNELL / EARLY / NEW GLOBE

CAMPERDOWN:

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

EULOGY

ON

THE ILLUSTRIOUS ADMIRAL.

ARMA virumque cano ---

VIRG.

Dignum homineque bonoque.

HOR.

Edinburgh:

PRINTED FOR

GEO. PANTON, BOOKSELLER, PARLIAMENT CLOSE,

AND SOLD BY ALL THE BOOKSELLERS.

1798.



CAMPERDOWN.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC FUGITIVE

ON

THE 11th INSTANT A MARRIAGE

was solemnized at the residence of the bride in Edinburgh in
having purported to send him a bond to

the tune of Mr. Brown's written upon

the memorable occasion. By this couple
Army marriage was

man's absence at the time the property

son of his appearance in a newspaper of

the same day as the date of the marriage

the public attention is directed to

the same day as the date of the marriage

Edinburgh.

And the same day as the date of the marriage

the same day as the date of the marriage

the same day as the date of the marriage

the same day as the date of the marriage



NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Author of the following Verses had mentioned to a friend in Edinburgh his having purposed to send him a Song, to the tune of *Rule Britannia*, written upon a memorable occasion. By this Gentleman's absence at the time, the proper season of its appearance in a newspaper or magazine was lost. On his return to the City, politely regretting the suppression of the Song, he suggested that something to *Rule Britannia* would still be very proper and acceptable, as he had seen nothing worthy

worthy of the theme, or of the Victory off Camperdown. Many effusions of mirth and exultation, and even of insult and contempt, had been penned, and circulated, and sung: But his Friend, and the Author, had met with no tribute from the Bards to supersede his attempting a copy of verses, upon this memorable Victory.

THE suggestion has produced the Portrait. Whatever are its defects, its claims to worthy and essential qualities in moral paintings offered to the Public, it is hoped, will not be questioned. It is faithful—It may be owned without a blush. The character deserves unqualified praise—may be imitated without danger. But the Author's chief object in his little work, is to repress self-confidence, which too often manifests itself in verses,

and

and songs, and elegiums on such occasions;
 and to impress his readers with a sense of
 the Providence of God, in our deliverances
 and victories: With him, its chief merit
 will be, in any measure, producing this ef-
 fect.

and to improve the reader with a sense of
the Providence of God in our deliverance
and victories. With him, its chief merit
will be, in our present predicament, its
value.

From the busy crowd and festive scene
 I turned in contemplation's powers latent
 To ride the Band, and in his reverie
 I thought for his sake he took of things he took
 And he said, and thence called him still
 The labour to renew with all good will

CAMPEDOWN.

‘FAR from the busy crowd and festive scene,
‘Immers’d in Contemplation’s bowers serene,
‘Resides the Bard ;’ and, ‘in his reveries,
‘Themes for his verse he sees, or thinks he sees.’
So has he said --- and themes entice him still 5
His labours to renew, with all good will.

NAVAL atchievements boldly I rehearse ;
Let Naval glories dignify my verse.

Lo! Howe at length the French Armada meets
Disperies, captures, sinks their first of fleets ; 10

Saves from alarm, and confidence restores;
 Howe's name resounds thro' all Britannia's shores.
 Joy smiles on every face, the First of June it tells
 And Howe to rapture every heart attunes
 To pinning on a higher tide of joy.

Lo! Jervis, on St Vincent's noted coast,
 Triumphs o'er Spain, and flames the nation's boast;
 And never, never did our naval fame
 So flourish, never better won a name:

And veterans, and heroes in the service,
 Are forward to present the palm to Jervis;
 And it is scarce within the verge of hope
 That deeds or names shall with a Jervis cope;
 Nor let it ever be the silly task
 Of prose or verse the preference to ask:
 Lord Howe, St Vincent's, Duncan,--all do well;
 Lord Howe, St Vincent's, Duncan,--all excel.

DUMB be the tongue of Jealousy, the praise
 That would degrade or blast another's bays;
 Officious to extol, that flight or shame
 May fasten on an honourable name!

Merit is independent of the fate
 Of war—Success itself may not be great:
 The time, the manner, the associates raise
 To pinnacles of glory or disgrace:
 An equal or a higher tide of joy 35
 Leaves HOWE and JERVIS their celebrity;
 And DUNCAN'S honours, fresh and bright, inspire
 Their high delight, and raise their glory higher.

Is DUNCAN then thy theme?—I see a smile
 Condemns my vanity and waste of oil
 I read a meaning look—Suppress the lay
 Superfluous, nor add lustre to the day,
 Nor glory to the name, already high
 Above a verse—deriv'd celebrity.
 Already praise was prompt, was warm, was pure;
 Was ever Fame more just or more secure?
 In glees, and clubs, and the forecastle song,
 The favourite name and battle pours along:
 See Towns and Counties eager to express
 A common joy, congratulate, address, 50

Illuminate, *subscribe*, that happier mode
 Of praise, dear to the Hero, dear to God,
 Grateful, humane, and liberal. As we rise
 To higher spheres, see every order vies
 In approbation! With one voice unite 55
 The Senates DUNCAN's triumph to recite;
 And *Majesty* is forward to proclaim
 DUNCAN and CAMPERDOWN a favourite name.
 Of dullest history the faithful page
 Attests the admiration of the age, 60
 Attests Britannia's honours and rewards,
 And supercedes the tribute of her Bards.
 Not so---*exalts* it rather, would you say;
 What more can prompt or grace the choicest lay,
 And rouse the Bard sublimer heights to climb, 65
 And with his noble theme become sublime?
 Call it ambition, and pronounce me vain,
 And the theme worthy of a nobler strain;
 Yet grant the merit of a bold essay,
 Or, of provoking to a worthier lay. 70
 Oft

Oft has the slumbering virtue of the strong,
 By weakness rous'd, in combat or in song,
 Done deeds of high acclaim. Endure the strain
 That calls forth ADDISON and a Campaign;
 The jarring tinklings of a broken lyre 75
 A *Carmen seculare* may inspire:
 Some HOMER may arise, and Camperdown
 In fame may rival the beleagu'rd town.

TIMIDITY, avaunt!

I spread the sail,
 Launch in the ocean, and enjoy the gale. 80
 With courage and with hope to plow the seas,
 And the course vary with the shifting breeze;
 For, if desert, and virtue, and renown,
 If all united in a Camperdown,
 Are to my bark the all-alluring tide, 85
 With every changing wind I smoothly glide;
 From every quarter richly fraught, restore
 My charge, and all unwilling come ashore.

IN

IN levelling revolutionary times,
 Deep, daring, complicated are the crimes;
 The subtle leaven spreads, in evil hour,
 Unheeded and unchecked; the mass is sour,
 The fleet itself's infected! Whence no dread
 Of danger was, what dire alarms proceed!

What a cloud o'er British glory hangs,
 When Difaffection murmurs and harangues!
 Seamen, Britannia's bulwark and her boast,
 To order, duty, and their country lost!
 From ship to ship, alas! the ruin spreads,
 And a revolted fleet a Parker heads!
 Here was a storm, beyond the tempest's rage,
 To try and mark the hero and the sage.

SUCH was our Admiral:—

Amidst the scene
 Of terror and of horror, all serene,
 Firm and collected—'Yes, you may destroy
 Your friend, and he is not afraid to die,

When

' When duty calls him : Duty calls me here ;
 ' And where I am can mutiny appear ?
 ---He spake, and to their duty all return,
 And for their Chief with new affection burn.

NOT so was every crew. Delusion reigns ;
 Now Disaffection murmurs, and complains,
 Now flatters, threatens now. They leave the post
 Of duty, hastening to the British coast
 Nor more alarms a HORN upon the shore,
 Than PARKER'S bloody ensigns at the Nore.

THE Hero looks around him, and exclaims,
 ' And is it thus the squadron seeks the Thames ?
 ' And have I seen the day of deep disgrace !
 ' Are British Tars a false and dastard race !
 ' Misled, perverted, all their glory lost,
 ' A band of rebels on their native coast !
 ' The *Venerable's* better-minded crew
 ' Let me address, the steady and the true.

SILENT,

SILENT, respectful, sad, the crew obeys 125
 Their leader's call.

'Tis not in labour'd phrase,
 ' My Hearts, you are harangu'd, or terms of art,
 ' But from its fulness overflows my heart.---
 ' No grievances can palliate the crimes
 ' That so distinguish and disgrace the times : 130
 ' The British Navy can complain of none ;
 ' But from indulgence insolence has grown :
 ' From levity, credulity, and lies,
 ' Defection, insurrection, ruin, rise.
 ' You have no grievance. Where are fleets so
 blest ? 135

' Whose like the British sailor so carefs'd,
 ' So honoured---but till now? ---
 --- ' Ere while, with pride,
 ' How did we dare the foe, and boldly ride
 ' Triumphant on their shores, block up their ports,
 ' And force their fleets to skulk behind their forts.
 ' --- This honour I enjoy'd, enjoy'd with you---
 ' But, Sailors, ah ! how painful the review !

And

' And dark the prospect!—Rais'd perhaps too high,
 ' Intoxicated with celebrity,
 ' Forgetful of the Power that governs all— 145
 ' Let us be wise, and profit by our fall.
 ' --- But, brother Sailors, sharers of the grief,
 ' And of these faded honours of your Chief,
 ' Our hearts are still in unison, one aim
 ' Unites us, one our fortune, one our fame, 150
 ' The *Venerable* scorns to leave her post,
 ' Still let us watch at least the Belgick coast.
 ' Virtue may rise still brighter from her fall,
 ' I can no more, my lads ---
 ' God bless you all.'

'T WAS not, alas! a day of bursting cheers, 155
 The *Venerable's* crew retire in tears:
 And thus in broken phrase express their grief,
 Touch'd with the every passion of the Chief.

' His heart is full---God bless him---such a
 mind,
 So resolute, so generous, so kind --- 160

Canst be the wretch, the dastard of the crew—

There's none—to such an Admiral untrue.

Give us but the occasion, one and all,

—Who does not say Amen?—shall fight or fall.

Our all-endeard, our all-illustrious Chief, 165

In victory and renown, shall lose his grief,

'Twas augur'd well, Revolt's dark cloud dis-

Delusion vanish'd, insurrection quell'd;

To duty, to their King, the fleet returns,

And to restore their fullied glory burns: 170

Eager their shame and errors to repair,

Lead us again to DUNCAN is the prayer.

THE Hero and the Saint are, in the shade

And in the sun, pure, firm, and undismay'd.

The brightest constellation shines more bright, 175

Thro' the cold darkness of the brumal night;

And oft, in fears and dangers is the care

Of Heav'n display'd, and more than answers prayer.

Nor

Nor France nor Holland tempt Britannia's shore;

Nor DUNGEON feels the outrage of the Nore, 180

As o'er the darkest cloud, with purer ray,

The labouring sun pours forth a flood of day;

Virtue breaks forth, tho' ardour much complains,

'How long the intercepting cloud remains!'

Steady the Veteran his plan pursues, 185

Repeats and varies the blockading cruize,

BUT tho' nor storms, nor teasing Dutch delay,

Wear out our men of war, our ships they may,

'For Britain,' sounds the mandate, 'must we
quit,

The Texel, tho' reluctant, and refit. 190

'THE British fleet is gone,' cries busy Fame;

'Dispers'd and ruin'd,' runs thro' Amsterdam:

No more disgrac'd by the insulting foe,

Our naval power and prowess will we shew,

Now, now our faded glories we regain; 195
 Now re-assert our name upon the main:
 Repair the losses of Suldhana Bay—
 It is decreed---De WINTER's fleet shall weigh.
 See the wind favours, let him put to sea,
 And carry back renown and victory. 200
 'Tis heard at Yarmouth,--not one moment lost--
 Our squadron stretches for Batavia's coast.
 'Give us but the occasion,'---'now 'tis given,
 My lads,' 'tis shouted, 'by a favouring Heaven,
 The day of expectation and desire 205
 Arrives, nor does De WINTER shun our fire.
 Bear down upon the foe---You see the sign;
 Follow the *Venerable* thro' the line.
 The battle joins tremendous---
 Who shall dare
 To celebrate the glories of the war, 210
 Might fill an *Iliad*; and October's day
 The ten years combat of the siege display.

From

From ship to ship new admiration turns
 Uncertain, where the fiercest battle burns:
 Superior skill, superior courage shine
 In van, rear, centre -- over all the line.
 De WINTER's skill and courage, only less
 Than British, brightens, and suspends success,
 But 'gainst the British thunder, vain his art,
 And vain his intrepidity of heart.
 'It must be so! exhausted is my power,
 My ships, my crew sustain the fight no more.
 DUNCAN, I yield.' --
 Let LOUTHENBOURG essay
 To catch some happier moment of the day
 Let the Profession talk of the address,
 And the exertions that infur'd success:
 Let Politicians estimate its worth;
 Its influence benign in south and north;
 Its aspect on the war; its various claim
 To admiration, and a lasting name:
 The moral painter, in his rhyming way,
 Pourtrays his hero in the close of day.

NOR blushing Delicacy needs retire,
 To recognize a husband or a fire:
 Nor modest Dignity itself withdraws,
 Or reprobates officious applause. 235

FOR 'tis not Fancy's sketch invites the eye,
 It is not Adulation colours high:
 Nor Art's device, nor Decoration's aid
 Are courted, or Pomposity's parade: 240
 Nor Friendship's partiality is heard:
 But Truth, plain Truth, alone inspires the Bard.
 Plain honest narrative employs his rhyme:
 Yet not the less endearing or sublime.
 The faithful sketch, nor more, nor less expect, 245
 Drawn on the *Venerable's* quarter-deck.

• ELEVENTH of October Ninety Seven,
 Concludes propitious, by the grace of Heaven:
 Promptness to search the foe, and joy to find,
 And eagerness to fight, mark'd every mind. 250
 Ability, and courage, and renown
 The day distinguish, and our labours crown.

Ship

Ship after ship has fallen, nor meanly fell
 The firm Batavians struggling long and well:
 The victory is ours. 255

Our country knows
 To estimate its moment --- and our foes.

O might it terminate the battle's rage!
 Might Peace again return and bless the age!
 But the effects of this eventful day 260

Shall Providence, in its own time, display:
 And be it ours to see thy hand, Most High!

Thine is the glory, thine the victory,
 Plain honest narrative employs his rhyme

THE crews are call'd
 Devotion calms the soul: 265

Perturb'd, tumultuous passions cease to roll
 From amidst deaths and dangers sav'd, we raise

The heart to Heaven, and sing the Saviour's praise.
 Transition from anxiety and care, 269

The object gained, the more than answer'd prayer,
 Dissolve in joy; but Piety restores

Composure, and employs our better powers.
 Compos'd

Compos'd and grateful, lift the soul to heaven!
 See Providence in *the occasion given*;
 So long desir'd; see it in all the zeal 275
 Of Patriots, in the superior skill
 Of British Sailors, the undaunted hearts
 Of all, ambitious to sustain their parts:
 See it in time and place, in waves and wind:
 See it in all so happily combin'd, 280
 Distinguishing the day---and, in a word,
 In victory, be Providence ador'd---

Such is the sketch: And who can shrink to own
 The portraiture, or on the Painter frown?
 He that can claim it had deserv'd a name, 285
 Had Victory never filled the trump of Fame:
 Had *no occasion given* withheld renown,
 Had he not worn the name of CAMPERDOWN.

NOTES.

NOTES.

1. A QUOTATION from a Poetical Epistle, (supposed to be) addressed to the PRINCESS OF WALES, on the Royal marriage, and Her ROYAL HIGHNESS's reception in Britain.

13. ALL depression or all exultation, and a quick transition from the one extreme to the other, unhappily too much distinguish our national character. This observation was justified, in a remarkable manner, before and after LORD HOWE's illustrious Victory:—This the

C

Author

Author has noticed and blamed in an Epistle on the First of June.

23. REFERS to the eulogium on LORD ST VINCENT'S Victory, said to have been pronounced by the best judges, and professional men. A coarse Print, with a fore-castle long, ringing the changes on *ferdis* and *ferdie*, published his glory above that of all others.

Such comparisons are invidious and improper, and are checked by our Author. His verses are a paraphrase of part of a Sermon preached on the Day of Thanksgiving, in which the interposition of PROVIDENCE in the many signal and important victories obtained over our enemies by the Navy, was naturally observed and celebrated. LORD HOWE'S signal Victory was gained over the fleet of the greatest number, of great preparation, of great promise. The Dutch squadron at Saldhana Bay yielded to Admiral EL-

HINSTEON without firing a gun. Astonishing
 ' intrepidity as well as success distinguished the
 ' battle off St. Vincent; a very inferior fleet, in
 ' point of numbers, defeating the Spaniards: And,
 ' in respect of severe conflict and number of the
 ' enemy taken, the battle off Camperdown is most
 ' memorable, and will preserve the name of A. D.
 ' MIRAL DUNCAN, our countryman, to the ad-
 ' miration of future ages.
 ' Far be it from us to exalt one fleet or one Ad-
 ' miral by depreciating another. ' They have all
 ' done well, and deserved well of their country:
 ' Their country acknowledges and cheerfully ex-
 ' presses its obligations in the most substantial and
 ' amiable manner, and to them, unquestionably,
 ' most acceptable, in contributing largely to the
 ' relief of the sufferers. But let us not satisfy
 ' ourselves with recording or comparing naval
 ' skill, naval intrepidity, naval success. De-
 ' tracting not the very least from our Admirals

and Seamen, under God, our protection, and, as far as it can be said with propriety, our glory; let us ever remember that all is of God. With all their address, abilities, and courage, the opportunity might not have occurred. The point of time, the place, the weather, prevent or occasion, thwart or forward, naval exertions.

In the late signal decisive Victory on the coast of Holland, can we fail to observe the interposition of God's providence?

93. In the mutinous crews was the severest reproof of that irreligious and impious spirit of self-sufficiency, and confidence in our fleets and sailors, which too frequently manifests itself, to the grief of the pious.

107. The anecdote was found in the public newspapers.

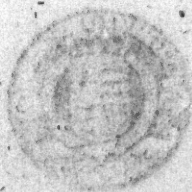
1250 The speech appeared in different papers, and was read with very high satisfaction; but when the Author came to this exhibition of his Hero, he could not procure a sight of it. The speech is therefore from recollection only; but it is believed, that the paraphrase, or verification, does not depart far from the original.

247. A (supposed) epistle from on board the *Venerable*, on the evening of October 11, 1797.

'The Admiral ordered thanks to be returned to
'God.'-----

DECEMBER 20, 1797.

F I N I S.



The present subject is a different paper
and was used with the high resolution; but
when the Author came to the exhibition of
the same, the result was not so good as it
was. The present subject is a different paper
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